

comed. I wonder where she is and if she is thinking of me.

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And now I may as well stop, for my narrative is over, and I hear someone coming along the hall, doubtless after me. It is only Harold, so I may add a word or two more. I am writing now with difficulty, for some frolicsome individual has placed a hand over my eyes and says, "Guess." I can just see to write between the fingers. Again I am commanded, "Guess!" so I say carelessly, "Alice." Then, would you believe it, someone kisses me and says: "Will you ever have done with that writing? The children wish me to inform you that they have some small claim upon your time." You see how it is. I've got to stop, so I say, as becomes an obedient gentleman: "Very well, I will quit upon one condition. I have been wondering where on earth you were. Tell me what you have been doing with yourself. I have been repeating in retrospect all the horrors of bachelordom."

"Why, Ned dear," my wife replies, "I've only been down-town shopping for Haro' and little Jeanette. Bless me, I should think I'd been gone a year!"